But though they iumpe not on a iuſt account,
(As in theſe caſes, where they ayme reports,
Tis oft with difference,) yet doe they all confirme
A *Turkiſh* fleet, and bearing vp to *Cipres*.
Du. Nay, it is poſſible enough to iudgement:
I doe not ſo ſecure me to the error,
But the mayne Article I doe approue
In fearefull ſenſe *Enter a Meſſenger.*
One within. What ho, what ho, what ho?
Officer. A meſſenger from the Galleys,
Du. Now, the buſineſſe?
Sailor. The *Turkiſh* preparation makes for *Rohdes*,
So was I bid report here to the State, by Signior *Angelo*.
Du. How ſay you by this change?
Sena. This cannot be by no aſſay of reaſon—
Tis a Pageant,
To keepe vs in falſe gaze; when we conſider
The importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turke*:
And let our ſelues againe, but vnderſtand,
That as it more concernes the *Turke* then *Rhodes*,
So may he with more facile queſtion beare it,
For that it ſtands not in ſuch warlike brace,
Who altogether lacks th'abilities
That *Rhodes* is dreſt in: if we make thought of this,
We muſt not thinke the *Turke* is ſo vnskilfull,
To leaue that lateſt which concernes him firſt;
Neglecting an attempt of eaſe and gaine,
To wake and wage a danger profitleſſe.
Du. Nay, in all confidence hee's not for *Rhodes*.
Officer. Here is more newes. *Enter a 2 Meſſenger.*
Meſ. The *Ottomites*, reuerend and gratious,
Steering with due courſe, toward the Iſle of *Rhodes*,
Haue there inioynted them with an after fleete,
1 *Sena.* I, ſo I thought, how many, as you gueſſe.
Meſ. Of 30. ſaile, and now they doe reſterne
Their backward courſe, bearing with franke appearance
Their purpoſes towards *Cyprus*: Seignior *Montano*,
Your truſty and moſt valiant ſeruitor,

With

With his free duty recommend
And prayes you to beleeue him
Du. Tis certaine then for C
Marcus Luccicos is not he in t
1 *Sena.* Hee's now in *Floren*
Du. Write from vs to him p

Enter Brabantio, Othello,
Deſdemona, a

1 *Sena.* Here comes *Braban*
Du. Valiant *Othello*, we mu
Againſt the generall enemy O
I did not ſee you, welcome ge
We lackt your counſell, and yo
Bra. So did I yours, good y
Neither my place, nor ought I
Hath rais'd me from my bed, n
Take hold of me, for my partic
Is of ſo floodgate and orebeari
That it engluts and ſwallows
And it is ſtill it ſelfe.
Du. Why, whats the matte
Bra. My daughter, O my d
All. Dead?
Bra. I to me:
She is abus'd, ſtolne from me a
By ſpels and medicines, bought
For nature ſo prepoſterouſly t
(Being not deficient, blind or
Sans witchcraft could not.
Du. Who ere he be, that i
Hath thus beguild your daught
And you of her, the bloody bo
You ſhall your ſelfe, read in th
After its owne ſenſe, yea tho o
Stood in your action.
Bra. Humbly I thanke you

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